

# You May Already Be A Winner

John Hiatt

Dry your eyes pretty girl  
I just got news from the outside world  
I dont know how they got our names  
But yesterday this letter came:

Mr. and Mrs. Resident Dweller, your lucky number is  
You may already be a winner

I've suspected this for years  
Still in all its good to hear  
They're pulling for us in the post  
To you my dear, I raise this toast

A house of our dreams, an El Dorado, a ten-speed blender  
You may already be a winner

Now Ive never counted my chickens before they're hatched  
And I know there is always a catch  
But I've felt from the start that our hearts were the perfect m  
atch

I know you're tired of the same old dress  
I know the car's been repossessed  
I know this house is just a shack  
But there's this love we cant hold back

Would you like a beer with your TV dinner?  
Oh, my darling, you may already be a winner